

THE
CHRISTIAN JOURNAL,
AND
LITERARY REGISTER.

No. 18.]

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1817.

[Vol. I.]

LIFE of SIMEON, the first Bishop of Jerusalem.

(Abridged from Cox's Lives of the Primitive Fathers.)

EVERY pious Christian will readily acknowledge, that the subject of the present memoir derives additional interest from the circumstance of his relation, by both his parents, to our blessed Saviour. His father, Cleopas, was the brother of Joseph, and his mother the sister of the Holy Virgin. Great, however, as may be esteemed the honour of being thus personally related to the Lord Jesus Christ, it was an infinitely greater one, that he was a partaker of a similar spirit, and interested in his great salvation; a privilege, indeed, of which every genuine believer is equally a partaker. Hence, when the woman in the Gospel, struck with admiration of the authority and eloquence of our Lord's teaching, exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked," fearing lest she should rest satisfied with a transient impression of his excellency, instead of seeking to derive from him real and permanent benefit, he answered, with a wisdom and tenderness peculiarly his own, "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."

Simeon, afterwards bishop of Jerusalem, was probably a native of that city. He was born about thirteen years before our Lord's incarnation.

It is generally supposed that he was of the order of the Rechabites, that pious sect among the Jews, who, for the strict obedience they paid to the injunctions of their father Joadab, furnished so powerful a contrast to the base ingratitude and disobedience of Israel to God.*

According to Hegesippus, when our Lord entered upon his public ministry, Simeon became his constant disciple and regular attendant. He is also supposed to have been one of those seventy who were commissioned by our Lord to go before him through the different parts of Judea, and prepare the people for the reception of his doctrine. They are mentioned in the Scriptures only in one place,* where their first mission appears to have been restricted to the Jewish nation. We have, however, no reason to suppose that their authority was withdrawn after they had fulfilled this charge, but may rather conclude, that they were in general employed amongst the first evangelists, in declaring through different countries the glad tidings of salvation. Amongst this company we may reasonably suppose, that the venerable subject of the present memoir was engaged during the most efficient years of his life. But of the nature of his labours, or the success of his ministry, we have no record. There is, however, a book written, in which all the actions of the righteous are fully and faithfully preserved; and a day is approaching, "when they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

At length, in the year 62, we meet with Simeon at Jerusalem; but whether he regularly resided there, or was in that city merely on a visit, is not ascertained. He was called, however, at that time to witness a scene truly affecting, which was the means of ultimately fixing him as a bishop in that most important situation.

* See Jeremiah, chap. xxxv.

* Luke x. 1.

The malignity of the Jews against the Christians had long been proverbial. Eighteen years before this period, James, the son of Zebedee, the first of the apostles who suffered martyrdom, was slain by the order of Herod Agrippa, to gratify the murderous spirit of the people. A remarkable circumstance attending his martyrdom is recorded by Eusebius. The man, who had drawn him before the tribunal, when he saw the readiness with which he submitted to his fate, was struck with remorse; and by one of those sudden conversions, which have more frequently happened in times of persecution than of peace, and are then more worthy of being considered genuine, was himself turned from the power of Satan to God. In a moment, from a persecutor he became a martyr, boldly owned Christ to be his Saviour, and, as they walked on together to the place of execution, earnestly entreated the apostle's forgiveness. James readily granted this request, embraced him as a brother, and pronounced on him his apostolic benediction, "Peace be unto thee." They were then beheaded together.

This wonderful and interesting conversion of an opposer appears to have produced little or no effect on the minds of the Jewish people. Peter was shortly after imprisoned, and rescued from martyrdom, only by a miracle; and Paul, whose death they had long been plotting, narrowly avoided the fate they intended him by appealing to Caesar.

Irritated by the defeat they had sustained, the Jews were now determined to wreak their vengeance upon James, surnamed The Just, bishop of Jerusalem, who is also frequently called James the Less, to distinguish him from James the son of Zebedee. In this attempt they made no doubt of succeeding, as he was merely a Jew, and could therefore plead no Roman privilege.

The interval between the death of their old governor, Festus, and the arrival of his successor, was deemed by Ananias, the high priest, who was invested with the supreme power until Albinus should arrive, as a propi-

tious opportunity for executing their design. He therefore called a council, before which he summoned James, and accused him of breaking the law of Moses. But it was not an easy matter to procure the condemnation of this apostle. His holy character extorted reverence, where it failed to generate affection; and numbers, who could not bear his religious principles, were constrained to admire the gentleness of his manners, and the excellency of his life.

At length the council persuaded the apostle to mount one of the pinnacles of the temple, and declare to the people, who were assembled to celebrate the passover, his sentiments respecting Christianity; hoping that they should prevail upon him, under some plausible pretence, to renounce his principles. James standing where he was bid, was then desired by the Jews to declare what was the gate of salvation;* or, in other words, the true means of obtaining eternal life. The holy apostle, undaunted by the number and power of his enemies, immediately replied, that Jesus Christ was the door of salvation; probably alluding to our Lord's own words, "I am the door of the sheep." He then enlarged upon the glory and dignity of the Saviour, and declared his belief that He was then sitting at the right hand of power, and that He would come in the clouds of heaven.

Several of the people, struck with the holy fervour of the apostle, and, we may add, with the force of truth suddenly breaking in upon their minds, glorified God, and exclaimed aloud, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Ananias and the rulers, finding that their attempts to ensnare him were without success, suddenly changed their mode of attack, and crying out with apparent horror, that Justus himself was seduced, threw the apostle down from the place where he stood. Though severely bruised by the fall, he had strength to kneel down and to

* Gate, among the Jews, signifies metaphorically, the entrance, introduction, or means of acquiring any thing. So they talk of the gate of repentance, the gate of prayers, and the gate of tears.

pray, "I beseech thee, Lord God and Father, for them; for they know not what they do. In the mean time the infatuated Jews preparing to stone him, a Rechabite, whom Hegesippus declares to be the subject of this memoir, cried out, "Cease, what do you mean? This just man is praying for you." At length a person, more mercifully cruel than the rest, came behind, and striking him on the head with a fuller's club, completed his martyrdom.

This apostle is supposed to have written his epistle but a very short time before his death. On account of his singular innocence and integrity he was distinguished by the exalted title of **THE JUST**: and the universally admitted excellence of his character made his execution to be abhorred, and his murderers to be censured, even by those who were far from being favourable to the Christian name.

Upon the martyrdom of James, those of the apostles who were still alive, and several of the most eminent disciples of our Lord, are said to have come to Jerusalem from all parts, to consult together respecting a proper successor. It was their general opinion, that, if possible, a relative of our Lord ought to be appointed to the situation; and at length they unanimously determined to confer the honour upon Simeon, as a man of eminent piety, and a near relation of the Saviour. He was accordingly ordained bishop of Jerusalem.

We have little information of the manner in which Simeon fulfilled the important duties of his sacred office. We may, however, be confident that his charge was a most trying one, both on account of the turbulent temper of the Jewish people, and because his presidency fell in with that gloomy period, when their city and temple were overthrown, and their very name as a nation blotted out by the victorious Romans. "To give a particular account of all their iniquities," remarks their own celebrated historian, "would be endless: thus much in general it may suffice to say, that there never was a city which suffered

such miseries, or a race of men from the beginning of the world who so abounded in wickedness. I verily believe," he continues, "that if the Romans had delayed to destroy these wicked wretches, the city would either have been swallowed up by the earth, or overwhelmed by the waters, or struck with fire from heaven as another Sodom, for it produced a far more impious generation than those who suffered such punishment."

This tremendous scene of carnage is very particularly described by this historian, who was, during the greater part of the time, an eye witness of all its attendant horrors. The destruction of Jerusalem at once remarkably displays the veracity of our Lord's predictions respecting it, the hatred of the Almighty against sin, and his distinguishing care of his people. that a brief account of it may here be properly introduced, and may not prove uninteresting.

The tyranny of the Roman governors, and especially the oppressive and vexatious conduct of Gessius Florus, occasioned in the first instance that opposition of the Jews to the Romans which ended in the final destruction of that unhappy people, who, without piety, still confided in their claim to peculiarity. Goaded by insults and severities, of which they had in vain solicited redress, this wretched people at last broke out into an open rebellion, which only tended to accelerate their ruin. At the very commencement of the insurrection, 20,000 Jews were cruelly massacred at Cæsarea; and shortly after, a sedition arising in Alexandria, 50,000 more were slain in one day by two Roman legions. In the mean time the insurrection became universal, and every place was full of blood and violence. For some time the war was conducted with apparently equal success by Jews and Romans. At length Vespasian was sent by Nero with a large body of veteran troops, who immediately marched to Gadara, took it on the first assault, and afterwards burnt it and the adjoining villages to the ground. From thence he advanced to Jotopata, a place strongly

fortified by nature and art, to which a great number of Jews had fled for security. This place also, after an obstinate resistance, fell into his hands through the treachery of one of the inhabitants; and Josephus, the famous Jewish general and historian, was taken prisoner. Vespasian now pursued his conquests with unwearied diligence, victory every where attending him. At length he determined to attack Jerusalem; but for the present was prevented by the short tumultuous reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and afterwards by his being actually compelled by his soldiers to accept of the crown.

His son Titus, being now appointed to carry on the war, made every preparation for an attack upon the capital. At this time Jerusalem was broken into factions; one party raging against another, and committing such cruelties under John, Simon, and Eleazar, the leaders of the opposite parties, as surpassed all the miseries inflicted upon them by their public enemy. At length Titus approached, and after much difficulty battered down one of the three walls by which the city was defended, and took possession of the northern quarter. At the same time he showed great compassion to the besieged, and assured them of pardon if they would submit. But the Jews still obstinately rejecting all conditions, Titus broke through the second wall, and prepared to attack the third. Before, however, he commenced the attack, he caused the whole city to be surrounded by a strong entrenchment, the more effectually to prevent the inhabitants from departing from the city, or receiving any relief from their friends. Thus began to be fulfilled that very explicit prophecy of our Lord, which in the subsequent overthrow of Jerusalem was so fully accomplished: "And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the day shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass

thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."*

And now is the whole vial of God's anger about to be poured out upon this devoted people. Their rejection of Messiah, their Prince, is punished by a senseless opposition to a human power too great for them to overcome, without the aid of that Prince whom they had renounced—their persecution of His faithful disciples by the most lamentable divisions, when unity was most wanted—their infidelity by a false confidence in misinterpreted prophecies—and their contempt of that Bread which cometh down from heaven, by a terrible famine of that common bread, of which, as well as every temporal blessing, all must be at last deprived, who refuse to feed upon the blessed word of God. For besides the Roman army without, and the numerous factions within, the want of provisions was so great in consequence of the multitudes which had flocked to the passover, that thousands were famished, and died so fast as to render it impossible to observe the common rites of sepulture. Some, who fled from the city to Titus, related that the famine was so excessive as to compel the soldiers to eat girdles, shoes, skins, and hay. A bushel of corn was sold for six hundred crowns. Sinks and holes were continually raked to find the vilest offals to satisfy hunger. Wives took the meat out of their husbands' mouths, children from their parents', mothers from their infants'. Nay, a certain lady, descended from noble and rich parentage, actually boiled her own child, that, according to the language of ancient prophecy, she might "eat it secretly in the siege, and straitness, wherewith the enemy distressed them."†

Titus was filled with horror at the relation of this enormity. He called upon God to witness that he was not

* Luke xix. 41, 42, 43.

† Deut. xxviii. 53—57.

the author of these calamities, since he had repeatedly offered peace to the Jews; and concluded by declaring that he would bury this abominable crime in the ruins of their country, and not suffer the sun to shine upon a city, where mothers ate their own children, and where fathers reduced them to that extremity by refusing to surrender.

Being now convinced that neither kind nor harsh methods could produce any effect upon this obstinate generation, Titus gave directions that all things should be made ready for a storm; and at length finding that he could not prevail against the walls of the inner temple, he set fire to the gates, a step he had hitherto religiously avoided. The porches were soon in a flame, and continued burning all that day and the following night. Titus, however, still resolved, if possible, to save the temple; but on the tenth day, a Roman soldier, of his own accord, threw a flaming fire-brand through the golden window into the chambers, which were presently in a blaze; and the fire, spreading through the whole fabric, consumed the most glorious structure that the world ever saw. Titus in the mean time employed every effort to extinguish the flames. He called, entreated, and even threatened, his men; but without effect. So great was the confusion, and so pertinaciously were the soldiers bent upon destroying all within their reach, that he was neither heard nor regarded.

Throughout the whole history of the human race we meet with few, if any, instances of carnage and devastation that can be compared with this. According to their own historian, in the course of a seven years' war there perished of this ill-fated people, in one way or another, no less a number than one million three hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and ninety.

Amongst the various observations which this horrible, yet instructive history may suggest, it is worthy of remark, that the Jews, by their obdurate wickedness, and insensibility to the patience and mercy of God,

brought upon themselves the punishment due to them. They had put to death the Lord of life, and thereby had forfeited their own; and now, behold! not only by a judicial, but by a kind of necessary result, they are found to be their own murderers. Thus died the Jewish people; nor will they rise again till they own *Him* to be risen, whom they crucified and slew; till they "look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn for him, as one that mourneth for his only son."*

Whilst, however, the Jewish nation in general experienced this dreadful destruction, the Christians, with their venerable bishop, Simeon, were wonderfully preserved. The account of their escape has been hitherto omitted, that the thread of the preceding narrative might not be broken. We may now, therefore, briefly notice it.

Almost at the commencement of the war, Cestius Gallus broke into the lower part of the city, and used such measures, as, humanly speaking, would have ensured his taking the upper part and the temple, had he continued his attack. But at this moment he unexpectedly, and without any assignable cause on his part, raised the siege. The Christians took advantage of this circumstance. Recollecting that our Lord had warned them to leave Jerusalem when they should see it encompassed with armies, and to flee when they should behold the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, they embraced the opportunity, and universally retreated to Pella; so that none of them perished in the common desolation. The place of their retreat was a little town beyond Jordan, about one hundred miles from Jerusalem, belonging to Agrippa, and inhabited by Gentiles.

How long Simeon and his flock continued in this sanctuary, and when they returned to Jerusalem, is unknown, though it is generally supposed that they came back about the beginning of the reign of Trajan. It is certain that they returned before the time of Adrian; for upon that em-

* Zech. xii. 10.

peror's coming to Jerusalem, forty years after its destruction, he found there a few houses and a little church upon Mount Sion.

In the mean time Simeon discharged the important duties of his office with great diligence and fidelity. At length, in the middle of Trajan's reign, he was charged with being a Christian, and a descendant of the kings of Judah. In consequence of this accusation he was sentenced by the proconsul to be first put to the rack and severely scourged, and afterwards to be crucified. The venerable bishop endured his severe sufferings with such composure of mind and invincible patience as astonished the proconsul and all that were present. But neither his age nor resignation could induce them to reprieve or mitigate his sentence, for he still persisted in pleading guilty to what was considered the most offensive of all crimes, his being a Christian.

Simeon suffered martyrdom in the tenth year of the reign of Trajan, in the hundred and twentieth year of his own age, and in the hundred and seventh of the Christian era.

It is not a little remarkable, that during the dreadful persecutions which made such havoc in the Church, most of the eminent Christian teachers, of whom we have any account, lived to a very advanced age. Simeon, as has been said, was a hundred and twenty years old, Ignatius eighty, Polycarp considerably older, Tertullian ninety, and Justin, Irenæus, Origen, and Cyprian, were also all far advanced in years at the time of their deaths. Doubtless we may attribute their preservation for so long a time, as well from the fatal effects of disease and decay of nature, as from the fury of the persecutor's sword, to a special Providence, cherishing and prolonging their lives for their work's sake. Still, however, as God generally accomplishes His benevolent purposes by natural means, we may reasonably suppose that their very religion, by inculcating on its possessors the greatest temperance and sobriety, so conducive to health, was under the divine blessing, one especial cause of their longevity.

The discourses of Dr. CHALMERS being republished in this country, we are induced to insert a Review of them from the British Critic.

A Series of Discourses: or the Christian Revelation viewed in Connexion with the Modern Astronomy.
By THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow.

A season scarcely ever passes in England without the irruption of some comet from the unknown regions of the air, which rushes athwart the system, overpowering the eyes of all with its superior splendour, and threatening destruction to the dull and humdrum planets of the regular system. The present year has been rather productive in these eccentric dazzlers. With reference indeed to the author of the Discourses now before us, he did not rise quite so unexpectedly on our view. A thousand little Lucifers, in the shape of puffs and panegyrics, prepared our weak eyes for the burst of the comet itself upon our horizon. Not even of Dr. Solomon's Guide to Health were there so many copies sold in the first year, as of the Doctor's Discourses in the first day. Five editions (sold as we have heard) in as many days, were the avant couriers of the Doctor's fame. The Post and Chronicle, the Times and Day, vied in their eulogiums, in every varied form, on the Doctor's powers. "*Wonderful occurrence.*"—"Surprising fact."—"Unparalleled demand:"—all lent their aid to usher in the Doctor and his Discourses. Sometimes his reputation shrouded itself under the modest form of "*A Letter to the Editor:*" sometimes insinuated itself in the specious form of "*A Caution to the Public.*" Under whatever form or dress, there it always was, till Mr. Bish himself grew jealous, and Mr. Goodluck ceased to advertise. At last the Doctor himself appeared, and since the days of Master Betty, no place of public exhibition has been ever thronged with so desperate a crowd. Ins and Outs, Ministry and Opposition, Atheists and Fanatics, those who never were in a church before, and those who never will be in a

church again, were all jostled together in the heterogeneous mass. Those whom the doors would not receive, the windows were opened to admit, and happy were the individuals who could get a footing upon the ladder, which in their estimation was to lead to heaven. Now as no personages half so little as we unfortunate critics, could even gain admission into the adjoining street, we sat ourselves down contented with the volume before us, taking for granted that we could not judge of the Doctor's powers by any fairer criterion.

The design of the Doctor in these Discourses, is to answer the following hacknied objection of the infidel to the general system of Christianity, "that God would not have sent down his Son from heaven to die for the salvation of so insignificant a speck in the creation, as the globe which we inhabit." To which Dr. Chalmers has well answered:

"Christianity makes no such profession. That it is designed for the single benefit of our world is altogether a presumption of the infidel himself."

If the Doctor had added, "that of other worlds we can know nothing in our present state, because it is not expedient for the purpose of our present state of existence that we should," and had here concluded the whole, we are of opinion that he would have consulted much more wisely both for himself and for his subject. We should not indeed have grudged him the following argument in favour of the plurality of worlds. It is eloquently, rationally, and scripturally expressed; and as it is by far the best specimen of Dr. Chalmers's power, we shall extract it entire.

"Now, what is the fair and obvious presumption? The world in which we live, is a round ball of a determined magnitude, and occupies its own place in the firmament. But when we explore the unlimited tracts of that space which is every where around us, we meet with other balls of equal or superior magnitude; and from which our earth would either be invisible, or appear as small as any of those twinkling stars which are seen on the canopy of heaven. Why then suppose that this little spot, little at least in the immensity which surrounds it, should be the

exclusive abode of life and of intelligence? What reason to think that those mightier globes which roll in other parts of creation, and which we have discovered to be worlds in magnitude, are not also worlds in use and in dignity? Why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue and stretching obscurity over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? Are we therefore to say, that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone, belongs the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

"But this is not all. We have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies, which are accessible to such an observation, have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun; and we can detect in all the planets which compose our system, a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They have the same agreeable vicissitude of the seasons. To them, light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament. To them, as well as to us, has God divided the light from the darkness, and he has called the light day, and the darkness he has called night. He has said, let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven, to give lights upon their earth; and it was so. And God has also made to them great lights. To all of them he has given the sun to rule the day; and to many of them he has given moons to rule

the night. To them he has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon their earth; and to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God has seen that it was good.

"In all these greater arrangements of divine wisdom, we can see that God has done the same things for the accommodation of the planets that he has done for the earth which we inhabit. And shall we say, that the resemblance stops here, because we are not in a situation to observe it? Shall we say, that this scene of magnificence has been called into being merely for the amusement of a few astronomers? Shall we measure the counsels of heaven by the narrow impotence of the human faculties? or conceive, that silence and solitude reign throughout the mighty empire of nature; that the greater part of creation is an empty parade; and that not a worshipper of the Divinity is to be found through the wide extent of yon vast and immeasurable regions?"

Had the Doctor concluded here, all had been well; it is the utmost limit of what can be said upon the subject, and all beyond is tiresome and empty rhodomontade. Never, perhaps, was a more childish or ignorant supposition ever broached than that which occurs in the following passage.

"Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the blush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in

all its minute and topical varieties. But there is no end of conjecture, and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment has there planted the worshippers of his glory."

We must confess our astonishment, that any man professing common sense, should have entertained an idea half so absurd. Dr. Chalmers ought to have known, or he ought not to have written about astronomy if he did not know, that although the magnifying power of the telescope should be increased to an extent almost incredible, yet thus its means of approximating distant objects would not be proportionably increased. The Doctor ought to have known, that the distinctness of vision keeps no pace with the magnifying power of the glass; but that if the visual angle be increased beyond a certain limit, nothing but confusion ensues. The distinctness of the object, moreover, depends as much upon its own brightness, as upon the magnifying powers of the telescope; and thus by increasing the power, we diminish the brightness, which must for ever prevent the improvement of a telescope beyond a certain limit. So much then for our chance of witnessing the change of seasons, and the colours of the vegetation in the moon. Taking the magnifying power alone, we should require a telescope with more than seven hundred times the power of Dr. Herschel's forty-foot telescope, to see a neighbour in the moon; but how far it is probable that such an one will ever be constructed, we leave it to the judgment of our readers to determine: and even if such a thing were accomplished, the privacy of the man in the moon would not be broken in upon, as the visual angle would have so greatly exceeded its proper limits. The whole of Dr. Chalmers's supposition is a burlesque upon the subject.

We will not quarrel with the Doctor for some few assertions made without any proof at all; such as the regular revolution of the spots in the

sun, the apparent recession of the stars in one quarter of the celestial sphere, from each other: whether true or false, as they do not bear upon the argument. We will call the attention of our readers to the following passage.

"But, we have now reason to think, that, instead of lying uniformly, and in a state of equi-distance from each other, they are arranged into distinct clusters—that, in the same manner, as the distance of the nearest fixed stars so inconceivably superior to that of our planets from each other, marks the separation of the solar systems, so the distance of two contiguous clusters may be so inconceivably superior to the reciprocal distance of those fixed stars which belong to the same cluster, as to mark an equally distinct separation of the clusters, and to constitute each of them an individual member of some higher and more extended arrangement. This carries us upwards through another ascending step in the scale of magnificence, and there leaves us wondering in the uncertainty, whether even here the wonderful progression is ended."

The Doctor has left his readers indeed *wondering in uncertainty*. What can be his meaning in this exquisite specimen of absurdity? Will any of the Doctor's warmest admirers pretend to attach any decent interpretation to the passage before us? If there be a Bathos in astronomy, the Doctor has surely dived, with all his powers, into the fathomless abyss.

Thus much for Lecture the first, containing "a sketch of modern astronomy." The second professes to treat upon the modesty of true science; containing a rhetorical panegyric upon Newton, and some very common place reflections upon modern infidelity, which might have been comprehended in about as many lines as there are pages. The third is upon the divine condescension, in redeeming a world so insignificant as our own; an argument which is better stated in the beginning of the fourth Lecture, from which we shall willingly make the following extract.

"Now it is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say that it sends forth these wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample—that the world we inhabit, lying imbedded as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point that to the

universal eye might appear to be almost imperceptible. But does it not add to the power and to the perfection of this universal eye, that at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct handbreadth of that field; that at the very moment at which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the all-seeing eye. Tell me, then, if it does not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population. Oh! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his, its finest illustration! when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fulness on the whole subordinate domain of Nature and of Providence, he bestows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving Spirit into every heart, and cheers by his presence every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick-bed, and listens to the complaints of every sufferer; and while by his wondrous mind the weight of universal government is borne, oh! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," says the apostle John, 'but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' It is the present lot of the angels, that they behold the face of our Father in heaven; and it would seem as if the effect of this was to form and to perpetuate in them the moral likeness of himself; and that they reflect back upon him his own image; and that thus a diffused resemblance to the Godhead, is kept up amongst all those adoring worshippers who live in the near and rejoicing contemplation of the Godhead. Mark then how that peculiar and endearing feature in the goodness of the Deity,

which we have just now adverted to—mark how beautifully it is reflected down upon us in the revealed attitude of angels. From the high eminences of heaven, are they bending a wakeful regard over the men of this sinful world; and the repentance of every one of them spreads a joy and a high gratulation throughout all its dwelling places. Put this trait of the angelic character into contrast with the dark and louring spirit of an infidel. He is told of the multitude of other worlds, and he feels a kindling magnificence in the conception, and he is seduced by an elevation which he cannot carry, and from this airy summit does he look down on the insignificance of the world we occupy, and pronounces it to be unworthy of those visits and of those attentions which we read of in the New Testament. He is unable to wing his upward way along the scale, either of moral or of natural perfection; and when the wonderful extent of the field is made known to him, over which the wealth of the Divinity is lavished—here he stops, and wilders, and altogether misses this essential perception, that the power and perfection of the Divinity are not more displayed by the mere magnitude of the field, than they are by that minute and exquisite filling up, which leaves not its smallest portions neglected; but which imprints the fulness of the Godhead upon every one of them; and proves, by every flower of the pathless desert, as well as by every orb of immensity, how this unsearchable Being can care for all, and provide for all, and throned in mystery too high for us, can, throughout every instance of time, keep his attentive eye on every separate thing that he has formed, and by an act of his thoughtful and presiding intelligence, can constantly embrace all.

“But God, compassed about as he is with light inaccessible, and full of glory, lies so hidden from the ken and conception of all our faculties, that the spirit of man sinks exhausted by its attempts to comprehend him. Could the image of the Supreme be placed direct before the eye of the mind, that flood of splendour, which is ever issuing from him on all who have the privilege of beholding, would not only dazzle, but overpower us. And therefore it is, that I bid you look to the reflection of that image, and thus to take a view of its mitigated glories, and to gather the lineaments of the Godhead in the face of those righteous angels, who have never thrown away from them the resemblance in which they were created; and unable as you are to support the grace and the majesty of that countenance, before which the seers and the prophets of other days fell, and became as dead men, let us, before we bring this argument to a close, borrow one lesson of him who sitteth on the throne, from the aspect and the re-

vealed doings of those who are surrounding it.

“The infidel, then, as he widens the field of his contemplations, would suffer its every separate object to die away into forgetfulness; these angels, exulting as they do, over the range of a loftier universality, are represented as all awake to the history of each of its distinct and subordinate provinces. The infidel, with his mind afloat among suns and among systems, can find no place in his already occupied regards, for that humble planet which lodges and accommodates our species: the angels, standing on a loftier summit, and with a mightier prospect of creation before them, are yet represented as looking down on this single world, and attentively marking the every feeling and the every demand of all its families. The infidel, by sinking us down to an unnoticeable minuteness, would lose sight of our dwelling-place altogether, and spread a darkening shroud of oblivion over all the concerns and all the interests of men: but the angels will not so abandon us; and undazzled by the whole surpassing grandeur of that scenery which is around them, are they revealed as directing all the fulness of their regard to this our habitation, and casting a longing and a benignant eye on ourselves and on our children. The infidel will tell us of those worlds which roll afar, and the number of which outstrips the arithmetic of the human understanding—and then with the hardness of an unfeeling calculation, will he consign the one we occupy, with all its guilty generations, to despair. But he who counts the number of the stars, is set forth to us as looking at every inhabitant among the millions of our species, and by the word of the Gospel beckoning to him with the hand of invitation, and on the very first step of his return, as moving towards him with all the eagerness of the prodigal's father, to receive him back again into that presence from which he had wandered. And as to this world, in favour of which the scowling infidel will not permit one solitary movement, all Heaven is represented as in a stir about its restoration; and there cannot a single son, or a single daughter, be recalled from sin unto righteousness, without an acclamation of joy amongst the hosts of Paradise. Aye, and I can say it of the humblest and the unworthiest of you all, that the eye of angels is upon him, and that his repentance would, at this moment, send forth a wave of delighted sensibility throughout the mighty throng of their innumerable legions.”

As to the “wave of delighted sensibility,” we leave the reader to stem it as he can; the passage, upon the whole, is not without considerable

merit. The immediate subject of the chapter is indeed very absurd, being "upon the sympathy felt for man in the distant places of the creation." If the Doctor will inform us, upon the credit of his own experience, that these inhabitants are all angels, such as "rejoice in heaven over the sinner that repenteth," we will admit this sympathy as far as he chooses; but if they be not ministering spirits, we have no reason for thinking that they have any more sympathy for us, than we have for them. The Almighty has not been pleased to reveal to us, whether they have or not; we are therefore justified in concluding, that whether they have or not, is a consideration of mighty little consequence to us, in our present state of existence.

The remaining Lectures we have carefully read; but whether it be from the inflation of the language, the confusion of the argument, or the dulness of our comprehension, certain it is, that we can discover no chain of reasoning, no connexion of parts, from the beginning to the end. He appears at all times happy in the opportunity of sacrificing argument, connexion, and often common sense itself, to the charms of an unmeaning and useless common place.

In his language, Dr. Chalmers suffers himself to swell into the most inflated verbosity, and to indulge in a poetical diction which is as repugnant to good taste, as it is perplexing to good argument. It is curious to observe the variety of the Doctor's poetical powers in his description only of our earth.

In p. 98, it is "a puny ball which floats its little round."

In p. 112, it is "a grain of sand on the high field of immensity."

In p. 200, it is "one of the smaller islets which float on the ocean of vacancy."

In another place it is a "twinkling atom;" in another, "a remote and solitary monarchy." These indeed are but a few among the flowers with which the Doctor has contrived to adorn our lower world.

The Doctor is very fond of "*groping his darling way*;" we find this

expression p. 193, and again p. 253, and if our memory does not deceive us, much oftener.

In point of argument, Dr. Chalmers has left the question just where he found it. Of his talent indeed as a reasoner, we had formed no very high idea, from his former Lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity; and certainly our opinion will not be changed by any thing that we have discovered in the work before us. It is often difficult to discover the meaning of the separate parts of the work; but to trace their connexion one with another is wholly impossible. A more dislocated, disjointed, incoherent production, never yet assumed the title of "a proof." In arrangement it is as defective, as in chastity of language and in elegance of taste.

The most favourable opinion which can be expressed of the Doctor's work, may be given in the language of Shakspeare, "that he draws the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." That there are two or three brilliant passages, we will readily allow; but even these are overlaid with common place imagery, more adapted to a school-boy's declamation, than to a theological disquisition. We doubt not but that these Discourses, if delivered with suitable action, might have had a wonderful effect at the British Forum, to the sphere of which, both in style, argument, and taste, they seem to be wonderfully adapted. Meretricious ornament, and turgid verbosity will ever have their admirers; and the Doctor has certainly had his. We do not grudge him the applause which he has received; it will not last long, let him make the most of it while it remains. It is our duty to protest against this new-fangled fashion passing into a precedent, lest we should be overwhelmed with a torrent of second hand rhodomontade; and every popular preacher, while he imitated the errors, should expect the reward of the celebrated Doctor.

We have been informed that Dr. Chalmers is himself a modest man, and that he entertains a real dislike to the intolerable puffing with which

he has been wafted into popular favour. If this be so, we can only advise the Doctor to beware, not of his enemies, but of his friends; for never was a man more injudiciously foisted upon the world, before his eloquence had acquired strength, and his talents stability. If he ever can be made a great or a useful man, it will not be by the flattery of his friends, but by the wholesome discipline of those, whom, probably, he will esteem his enemies.

The subject which Dr. Chalmers has chosen, is one of no common grandeur and sublimity. How he has treated it, we have had the painful task of showing, at some length, to our readers. We will now show them how he ought to have treated it; and this, not by tiring their patience with dogmas of rhetoric, but by introducing to their notice one of the most perfect compositions in the English language, on the self-same subject, which we shall make no apologies for presenting to them at full length: and then, after having dwelt on the chastened dignity, and majestic comprehension of an Addison; let them return, if they can, to the meretricious verbosity, and disjointed rhodomontade of a Chalmers.

"As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

"Were the sun which enlightens this

part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

"To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

"In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are

infinite; but the pooriness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

"We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider in the first place that he is omnipresent, and in the second that he is omniscient.

"If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

"In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoria*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is as it were an organ to omniscience.

"Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its

progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

"In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them." *Addison's Prose Works*, vol. iv. p. 76.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

(From the Pious Country Parishioner.)

DEATH! the very thought strikes me with horror and amazement; but, alas! the first temporal death is nothing, if compared with the second eternal one, which must be the sad state of all who die in their sins.

Did death, which is the end of all things here, put a period to our beings, it would be so far from being dreadful to the impenitent, that they would rejoice at it, as being that which would rescue them from what they dreadfully fear, the suffering eternal punishment for their grievous sins and provocations in this life; but this is the tormenting thought, that Death presently brings us into a state, which will never, never have an end: Oh! how terrible must this be to a person unprepared for this surprising change! Why then do I strive to add house to house, and field to field, as if I were to dwell here for ever? No, no, death

will soon close my eyes, and deprive me of every earthly satisfaction. Have you never seen a neighbour die? Do you not remember how sad and mournful was the scene? In a little time, his case will be your own; and you are not sure, but it may be in a year, a month, nay this very hour. Remember the thoughts you had upon a sick bed. What resolutions, what vows of better obedience did you then make! How earnestly did you pray that God would be pleased to grant you a longer continuance upon earth: How fully did you propose to correct your passions, and strive against the sins to which you were strongly inclined; and which therefore particularly endangered your salvation. O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to an impenitent sinner! The bitter agonies of the guilty sinner's mind, give him more exquisite torments, than the severest pains of his disease; and he feels some tortures of hell even here on earth: But with the godly person it is not so. Death may, at first, look frightful, it being a violent separation of soul and body; but the good man having lived piously in expectation of death, has a delightful prospect beyond the grave, even of immortal life and glory; he looks back with pleasure on the dangers he has happily escaped, and finds himself on a sudden surrounded with new and unknown pleasures and delights. On this moment, for aught I know, depends a happy eternity: O then may I so number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom! My house, my farm, my business, have hitherto took off my mind from providing for death. But all these possessions must be left: then shall I wring my hands and say, O that I could live my life over again; then would I count godliness the greatest gain, and love God's commandments more than gold, yea, than much fine gold. I resolve, therefore, God being my helper, frequently to meditate on death, and to act now, as I shall wish I had acted, when I come to die. Then shall I be always prepared; and when I cease to live with men, I shall dwell with God, and converse with saints and angels in the kingdom of Heaven.

MEDITATION ON JUDGMENT.

(From the same.)

AFTER we have passed through the gates of death, we shall be carried away to the regions of departed spirits, there to be reserved unto the judgment of the great day. Nor is this all, to dwell for a time in a state of separation; another day will quickly come; a day of public accounts, and restitution of all things; when the archangel shall sound his trumpet, and proclaim aloud this universal summons, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment; arise, and appear before the throne of God." Then shall every soul enter again into its proper body; and be judged for the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad. All people, high and low, rich and poor, from the days of Adam, to the very end of the world, shall be gathered together from every corner of the earth; there all must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and wait for their doom! But oh! with how different expectations!

The just shall look up with joy, and clad in the garments of salvation, shall triumphantly sing, "Let us rejoice, for now our redemption draweth nigh; behold, Christ cometh in the clouds of heaven, and his reward is with him. Come, Lord Jesus, thou long desire of our hearts; come quickly, thou full delight of our souls; come and satisfy us with thy mercy, that we may rejoice before thee all the days of eternity." Look yonder, O ye righteous, where he comes, high in power and majesty, attended with thousands of his holy angels, who shall divide his sheep from the goats, and place them on his right hand. I behold, methinks, the righteous rising with joy and exultation in their faces, as knowing that the reward of all their pious labours draweth near. I hear, methinks, the decisive sentence of their eternal happiness pronounced, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.* O the unutterable joys their souls shall feel, when these heavenly words shall sound in their ears! joys, which the

thoughts of man cannot conceive; joys, which the tongues of angels cannot express! The redeemed of the Lord receive this sentence with transporting thanks and hallelujahs, and will be amazed at the greatness of their salvation, so far beyond all that they expected or deserved. Must not the grace of God be exceeding abundant towards them in rewarding their poor services with an *exceeding and eternal weight of glory!*

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for begetting us again to this lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

But now I turn my eyes and see, methinks, the ungodly rising last, shaking and trembling at their approaching doom. O with what dejected eyes, and trembling hearts, do they stand, expecting their Judge! What shall they do, when, wherever they look, they behold nothing but black despair? Above, the justly offended Judge ready to condemn them: below, hell gaping to devour them. In that day a book will be opened, and every one's accusation read, mens' consciences at the same time bearing witness, and accusing them in that fearful judgment! Miserable and lost souls! what shall they do, when the terrible voice of their Judge shall strike them suddenly down, with, *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!* Once they had a day of grace, but they hardened their hearts, and would not hear the voice of God mercifully calling them to amendment of life. And now this is God's day, when he shall speak in terror, and punish ungodly men for their evil deeds. Then shall they suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, and live in torments which will be without intermission, without end! O my soul, who art now taught these dreadful truths, as things afar off, know, thou shalt then be present, and see them with thine eyes, and be thyself concerned. Think now, O careless sinner, what you would then give, if you had repented in time. Therefore, repent and be converted, that your sins may be blot-

ted out. Watch and pray, that you may die in the peace of God, and live with him to all eternity.

The Prayer.

O blessed Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, fit and prepare me for the last great day! Cause me so effectually to think on it at present, as that I may not dread its terrors hereafter; but be justified by thy sentence, and cleared when I am judged. O that my heart may pass that true judgment on its state and condition in this world, which thou, O blessed Redeemer, wilt pass on it in the other; and if I find my conscience condemn me, grant I may escape that condemnation by a speedy repentance; and always live as if I heard that summons in my ears, *Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!* Quickened me, O Lord, that I may daily prepare for this important time, expect it with hope, meet it with humble assurance, and at length, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my only Saviour and Advocate, I may rise from this world of misery, to a paradise of endless bliss; where I shall live for ever in God's presence, and where I shall praise my God to all eternity.

A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

By Mrs. Hannah More.

Soft slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renew'd:
May my freed spirit too awake
With heavenly strength endued!

Thou silent murd'rer, Sloth, no more
My mind imprison'd keep;
Nor let me waste another hour,
With thee, thou felon, Sleep!

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavish'd hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and pass'd in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearl, and mines of gold,
Were offer'd them in vain:
Their * pearl of countless price is lost,
And where's the promised gain?

Lord, when thy day of dread account
For squander'd hours shall come,
Oh let not *this* increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

* See Matt. xiii. 46.

Teach me in health each good to prize
 I, *dying*, shall esteem;
 And every pleasure to despise
 I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wondrous mercies past
 My grateful voice I raise,
 While *thus* I quit the *bed of rest*,
 Creation's Lord to praise.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

New-Haven, Sept. 6.

In the late Visitation of the Congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Connecticut, the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart preached and officiated as follows:

August.	Preached.	Persons Confirmed.
Wednesday, 6th,	P. M. at New Canaan,	35
Thursday, 7th,	A. M. at Wilton,	51
Friday, 8th,	P. M. at Weston,	43
Saturday, 9th,	P. M. at Redding,	45
Sunday, 10th,	at Danbury,	51
Monday, 11th,	P. M. at Trumbull,	82
Tuesday, 12th,	A. M. at Fairfield,	34
	P. M. at Bridgeport,	
Wednesday, 13th,	A. M. at Milford,	25
	P. M. at West-Haven,	33
Thursday, 14th,	at New-Haven,	49
Friday, 15th,	at Hampden,	10
Saturday, 16th,	at Hartford, and admitted the Rev. Jonathan M. Wain- right to the holy order of Priests.	
Sunday, 17th,	at Hartford,	22
Monday, 18th,	P. M. at Warehouse- Point,	9
Tuesday, 19th,	A. M. at Glastenbury,	65
	P. M. at Chatham,	102
Wednesday, 20th,	at Marlborough,	19
Thursday, 21st, and		
Friday, 22d,	A. M. at Brooklyn,	25
	P. M. at Norwich, and	
Saturday, 23d,	at Norwich,	37
Sunday, 24th, and		
Monday, 25th,	at New-London,	49
Tuesday, 26th,	at Pettipang,	26
Wednesday, 27th,	A. M. at East-Haddam,	49
	P. M. at Middle-Had- dam,	63
Thursday, 28th,	at Middletown,	39
Friday, 29th,	at Durham,	9
Saturday, 30th,	A. M. at Woodbridge,	69
	P. M. at Oxford,	
Sunday, 31st,	at Derby,	78
September.		
Tuesday, 2d,	A. M. at Humphreys- ville, and consecrated the church,	61
	P. M. at Woodbury,	
Wednesday, 3d,	A. M. at Roxbury, and consecrated the church.	47
	P. M. at Woodbury,	61
Friday, 4th,	P. M. at Greenwich,	11

Total number of persons confirmed
 this visitation, 1275

At New-Haven, Hartford, Middletown, and several other places, Confirmations had been recently held, or the congregations had attended for confirmation at adjacent churches.

FATAL TEXT.

THE lord-lieutenant of Ireland having presented Dr. Sheridan, who was a keen sportsman, and loved shooting better than praying, to a living in the country; the first Sunday he preached to his new parishioners happened to be the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne, and he undesignedly took these words for his text; *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*. Though the sermon itself had nothing of politics in it, yet some people took occasion to represent him to his excellency as a disaffected person, and indeed his excellency was so much offended at the impropriety of the choice he had made of a subject, that he gave him to understand, he had nothing farther to expect. This was soon whispered about, and when it was told to Dr. Swift, who indeed loved him, but could not spare his jest; *Poor Sheridan*, said he, *is so true a marksman, that he has shot his preferment dead with a single text*.

Messrs. T. & J. Swords inform the Patrons of their "*Pocket Almanack and Christian's Calendar*," that it is their intention to have it published in time to reach the several parts of the Union before the commencement of the ensuing year. They, therefore, respectfully request the Secretaries of the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the several states, to transmit to them, without delay, lists of the Clergy, and the names of other ecclesiastical officers in their respective states;—the Secretaries of the different Protestant Episcopal Societies to send the names of their respective officers and managers;—and, in general, all who can contribute any thing connected with the design of the Almanack, to communicate the same immediately. It is their wish to make the Almanack a complete register of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; and they hope that the important and interesting nature of such a work, will secure for it the aid and patronage of the members generally of that Church.

Printed and published by T. & J. Swords, No. 100 Pearl-street, New-York; where Subscriptions for this Work will be received at one dollar per annum, or 24 numbers.—*All Letters relative to this Journal must come free of Postage.*